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# A TRIBUTE

TO THE

# MEMORY

OF

## LIEUT. JOHN HOWARD WORCESTER,

IN A DISCOURSE DELIVERED AT

## HOLLIS, N. H.

ON SABBATH, JANUARY 24, 1864.

BY P. B. DAY.
Pastor of the Congregational Church

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

NASHUA:
PRINTED AT THE N. H. TELEGRAPH OFFICE.
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# DISCOURSE.

The circumstances which now call us together though painful in their connections are neither new, nor strange. This is a day of unhappy and cruel warfare, and we have come to bury a young soldier who has died honorably, and heroically in the defence of his country. There is scarcely a village in all our loyal borders, which has not participated in like painful scenes. There is hardly a church bell that has not tolled the knell of some gallant soldier; nor a cemetery which does not hold the like honored dust. We now come to lay down another martyr with the great company scattered over a thousand battle-fields, and in our quiet church yards.

Were we to seek a passage from the sacred page around which to cluster a few thoughts, as an appropriate tribute to the memory of our young friend, perhaps we could find none more expressive of his character, and his career as a soldier, than the words of the young Persian Queen found in

Esther 4:16—"So will I go—and if I perish, I perish."

Such were often substantially *his* utterances, while contemplating his duty to enter the service of his country. A word or two in explanation of the circumstances in which these words were spoken, will show their relevancy to the case before us. Through the instigation of a popular, and perfidious counselor at the Persian Court, a cruel decree had been issued from the throne that the Jewish people, then in exile, should be cut off at a blow. This decree was signed; the plans were laid; messengers were already sent out to execute the bloody purpose. Nothing remained to carry

the great National tragedy into effect, but the arrival of the appropriate hour, when the armed assassins should go forth to execute the decree. Esther was yet an unsophisticated bride. She knew little of the world, and much less of the intrigues of a corrupt court. But she was *keenly alive* to all that pertained to the welfare of her people, and counted no sacrifice too great to save them. Looking about for some way of deliverance she saw no other than to risk her own life in the hazardous experiment. Setting aside all court formalities, and legal forms; trusting to the righteousness of her cause, she entered upon her perilous mission. By the Persian Law it was a capital offence to appear before the king while upon his throne without his permission. But there was no other means of securing the object—and the young Queen fully counting the cost, and nerving herself to meet the alternative, said, "So will I go in unto the king which is not according to the law, and if I perish, I perish". Though Esther was no soldier, she had the spirit, and the heroism which in the stronger sex manifests itself in the courage of the battle-field and the endurance of the camp. It was heroism made lofty and sublime by its alliance with feminine love and purity.

This historical incident will illustrate the theme of my present remarks, which will be, *The nature of Patriotism; and its influence over men; especially over the soldier.* We shall then see how far our young friend was actuated by this virtue in entering the service of his country.

1. *Patriotism is one of the loftiest virtues which can actuate the human mind.*

Human virtues have a grade. Commencing at a point little above animal instincts, they rise in magnanimity, and disinterestedness to a region nearly angelic. It is hardly a misnomer to say there is a glimmering of virtue in the trusty horse, and the faithful dog. From this lowest point just above the brute instincts, the scale ascends till you arrive to the highest limits of finite attainments.

At the head of *all,* as the crowning excellence, stand the *christian virtues,* the image of God in the human soul. These are the golden links which connect man with angelic nature, and fit him for a glorified being. They are the great comprehensive virtues; the foster parent of all others. They are Heaven born, and hence made the special

theme of divine Revelation. Their possession entitles one to a companionship with the saints on high. Next to these, and the *first* of the strictly, natural virtues is *Patriotism*. This is the place which History, and Philosophy have always assigned to it. It comes next to the christian virtues in the breadth of its aims. *Christianity* loves God, and our race. *Patriotism* is a grade lower, and loves the country. Christianity has a hold upon its subjects stronger than life, and so has Patriotism. Martyrs for either can be counted by thousands. Patriotism does not necessarily rise to heaven where christianity culminates, but so far as the breadth of their humanity is concerned, one is as near the other, as the number of inhabitants in a single nation are to the number included in our race. Patriotism is a family affection enlarged, and extended to a whole country. It is a respect, and love for one's neighbors carried out to the great neighborhood over which the national compact prevails. It is a love for the religion we have been taught; for the laws by which we have been protected; for the educational, and political institutions under which we have been trained. It is a love for the hills, and the plains over which we have travelled; for the sepulchres of our Fathers; for the flag which has protected us. It is a love for the reputation, and honor of the country which has given us birth, and with which all our interests are now identified. These are some of the elements which give Patriotism its loftiness, and grandeur. If it be not so *deep* as the domestic affections, it takes a wider sweep, and becomes far more comprehensive. Hence intelligent, loyal christians always hang the flag of their country next under the banner of the cross. Grecian, and Roman Philosophy which had its rise before the dawn of christianity, knew no virtue greater than this. The panegyrics of ancient orators always closed here. Patriotism was the highest virtue to which they could elevate a departed friend. Poets in their mythology always placed the lover of his country on the highest seat among the Gods. Historians, whether ancient, or modern, have never failed to rank Patriotism, whether found in the statesman, or the soldier, at the head of human excellence. And hence it happens that History is so much a narrative of *war*, in which this virtue is so often, and so naturally illustrated. The exhibition of this virtue so universally admired has given a seeming justification to wars, which in themselves

were wanton, and cruel. Thousands have reiterated the patriotic and classic sentiment, "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*" "It is sweet, and honorable to die for one's country." Others in exile have gone to the top of some Pisgah, where, like Moses, they could die with their eyes resting upon the land of their birth.

It abates nothing from the elevation of this virtue to say, that there are many who enter the service of their country from lower, and baser motives. Men are found in every profession untrue to their professed principles. The more valuable the coin the more inducement to counterfeit. The dissimulation, and want of sincerity in some, take nothing from the merit of great, and lofty virtues in others. We have mercenary soldiers; we have those who enlist from mere love of novelty; we have those who are dispirited, and demoralized; but such only shed the more lustre upon those who are truly patriotic. They are the dark ground work, which makes the diamonds shine the brighter.

2d. *Patriotism especially in the soldier, commands the universal respect of mankind.* There is a truer appreciation of merit in the world than we sometimes imagine. It often seems to us that virtue has no advocates, and that the popular ear is deaf to true greatness, and goodness. For the time being it may be so. The din and bustle of present commotion, may draw away public attention from those who suffer worthily. But *time* is quite sure to put the matter right. What I have already said of the ancients, is true of the present age, and in all countries. In this one thing they all agree, that the patriotic soldier shall live in the annals of time. The orator seizes upon his name around which to hang some of his noblest sentiments. He takes it to move the popular ear, and to make the climax of his most eloquent sentences. If he can introduce a Warren, a Washington, or a LaFayette, he is sure to secure applause. The Poet who vivedly portrays the stirrings of a patriotic heart is sure to find admiring readers. And the historian makes patriotic action the bone of his narrative, around which to wind the drapery of smaller events. The public feeling demands all this. There is a greediness for such stirrings which is never cloyed. It is so in all countries. The works that are most admired, in the department of Eloquence, Poetry or Biography are those which partake largely of the patriotic element. Nothing

awakens stronger, and quicker vibrations in the soul of man *universally*, than that which pertains to love of country. Kossuth, and Garibaldi, with all their impulsiveness, and impatience will live to a late generation in the memory of man. On the contrary nothing stirs up deeper emotions of disgust, and indignation than treasonable designs. If there is any one thing at which the universal feelings of mankind revolt, it is this Absalom, Cataline, Arnold and Burr are names mentioned only with execration. They are the representative names, which public speakers, and writers use only to give intensity to their abhorrence of the crimes in which they were engaged. If any one wishes to secure a base, and lasting notoriety, he has only to lift a strong parricidal hand against his country, and history will do the rest. It will place his conduct in letters more durable than if cut in marble. His actions will tingle in the ears of his children, and cause the blush of shame to come over the countenances of his innocent posterity. Mankind cannot be bribed into the approval of treason, the moment it goes beyond the line of sectional strife. Even *enemies* who have been pitted against us, honor the man who has been true to his country. Would one gain respect as a Prisoner of War, he must defend his own countryman from unjust, and false charges. Such is the instinctive reverence for true loyalty the world over, that we even admire it in an enemy.

3d. *True Patriotism impels one to the greatest hardships, and dangers.* There are no scenes at which the human heart more instinctively recoils than the atrocities of war. In itself considered, war is the most abhorrent of all deeds in which man can engage. Its very genius is blood, carnage, suffering, and death. It is systematized and legalized destruction of human life on a gigantic scale. It carries all conceivable woes in its train. But "it is the surgery of crime." Nations must submit to it at times in order to save life. They are at times driven to it without any power honorable to themselves to prevent it. Patriotism shows its spirit in its willingness to engage in this surgery and bear its part in the suffering incident to the operation. It is positively certain when an army is raised for any considerable term of active service, not more than one half will ever return to their homes again to enjoy health, and peaceful tranquillity; yet Patriotism in true and loyal hearts will car-

ry thousands into the battle-field and the camp, with all the contingencies in view. Life seems to lose its value even with prudent, thoughtful, christian men when their country lies bleeding under the foot of the oppressor, or when treason threatens to tear it limb from limb. How else can we account for the readiness with which great and gifted minds will enter the arena of war? How can we account for the fact that suffering, and maimed soldiers, even before their wounds are healed, are so ready to enter into the contest again? True, and lofty Patriotism apparently ignores all suffering: it sets aside all personal interests; it hardly takes cognizance of *life* itself. It is swallowed up in the great thought of the country's triumph.

4th. *True Patriotism rises above the finer, and better feelings, of social, and domestic life.* It seems at times as if soldiers almost forget that they are bound by any endearing ties at home. When National honor, or existence is imperiled, they turn away from their wives, and children, as if spell bound by the louder, and more pressing calls of a suffering country. It is not because they love home less, but their country more. What more sublime scene, than to see a young husband turn away from a newly wedded bride to fight his country's battles? Look at Arnold of Winkleried before the Austrians on the plains of Switzerland.. "Protect my wife and children," he exclaimed, and threw himself upon the enemy's lances, and saved his Nation.

> ——"gathering, with a wide embrace
> Into his single heart, a sheaf
> Of fatal Austrian spears."

How surprising to see the tenderest of all domestic relations thrown entirely into the shade, when placed side by side with national liberty, and honor. Nor is the sacrifice all confined to those who enter into the service. What Patriotism glows in the hearts of parents, wives, sisters, when they say to the loved ones "Go serve your country"! Nothing is more affecting in the annals of domestic love, than the consecration of a widowed mother, when she gives her only son to this service. "Here is my last child," she says, "take him as an offering which I lay upon the altar of my distracted country"! A Father, the author of *"The Sergeant's Memorial,"* who had just lost this promising son in the camp, says recently in a private letter, "Ever since my son died I have been anxious to have a right arm in the service. But

Joseph not yet nineteen, was too young to be drafted or to volunteer as a private. When, however, I saw the government failing for troops, I said to him, "Go link my name and your destiny with the freedom of the slave, and the defence of your country." He had just been admitted as a Sophomore at Williams College. Such is the spirit of Patriotism swelling in the bosom of thousands of Fathers. It was but a few months since, while riding in the cars by the side of a devoted mother who was returning home from a military Hospital, with a weak and emaciated son, who was soon, no doubt, to die, I said to her, you are paying a great price for your country's preservation." "Yes"! she replied, "but nothing compared with what it is worth"—"I have another, and only son at home, which his father, and myself have concluded to give to our country; and this is all we can do.—We can trust our old age to Him who will be more to us than our children." Such mothers we have, and blessed be their memory! Future generations will honor them, and history will make their names immortal. Says a father who has *three* living sons in the army: "Often since this great struggle began for our country, and for liberty, and righteousness, the regret has arisen in my mind that my eldest son who died fifteen years ago, when he had just entered upon his 21st year could not have had the privilege of making the great sacrifice which so many are now making for the cause of our country and the world."

Such are the feelings, and such the achievments of true Patriotism. The uprising of the loyal portion of our whole Nation is an ample illustration of the power of this virtue over men. So long as we were travelling on in peace and prosperity, not one in a thousand of us knew that such a virtue slumbered in our bosom. It lay inoperative as powder rests quietly in the magazine. We knew not what great energies were in peaceful repose in our hearts. But the call of our country in distress awoke these slumbering virtues, and millions of loyal freemen sprang up as from the dead, and came to her rescue.

Patriotism, whose nature I have now described, has a worthy illustration in the character of Lieut. John Howard Worcester whose obsequies we are this day called to attend. To us he was known mainly as an active, amiable, high minded young man, just stepping upon the threshold of vigorous man-

hood. Our knowledge of him was mostly that of a promising youth who was born and brought up with us. We knew him as a member of the Sabbath School; as one who uniformly respected the institutions of Religion, and lent his influence to promote morality, and good order. We knew him as a diligent, and successful student; as a young man of unsullied reputation and of universal respect. We had no opportunity to know him in any other relation. He left just as his early manhood began to develope. It was his purpose before our civil war broke out to have entered upon the profession of the law. His studies for some time had been in that direction. But when his country's calls came they found a quick response in his bosom. After a short deliberation he resolved to link his destiny with hers, and abide the result. It was no spirit of novelty, nor love of camp, or field, that led him to this conclusion. It was a stern sense of duty and love of country.

Lieut. Worcester was born in Hollis, N. H., January 18, 1839. He enlisted as a private in the Summer of 1861; and was elected the 2d Lieut. in the company which was afterwards known as Co. H. in the 7th Regiment of N. H. V. under the command of Col. Putnam. The Regiment after spending a few months at Manchester, N. H. was ordered to Washington, D. C. While at N. York their destination was changed to Tortugas; thence after doing garrison duty at Fort Jefferson for a season, they were transferred to Port Royal, S. C., thence to St. Augustine, Florida. Here on the resignation of Lieut. Potter the First Lieut of the company, Lieut. Worcester was elected to fill his place. The regiment was then ordered for a short time to Fernandina; then to Folly, and soon after to Morris Island. On the night of the 19th of July last, after a most terrific bombardment by the Ironsides, and the monitors during the day, an assault was ordered about sun down upon Fort Wagner by the land forces. The 7th N. H. Regiment took part in this engagement, one of the most sanguinary during the war. Here it was that Lieut. Worcester was severely wounded in the left leg just above the ancle, while on the parapet of the fort cheering his men on to duty. After the command of retreat was given by the lamented Putnam then acting as Brigadier General, he was assisted by one of his wounded men down into the ditch. Here by a fatal mis-

chance they fell into a hole made by the bursting of a shell. After a fruitless attempt to extricate himself from this position by the aid of his companion, with a magnanimity of a true soldier, he bade him take care of himself, and to send some one if possible to his assistance. A faithful search was made for him by the Surgeon and others, but the darkness and tumult of the night made doubly intense by the smoke and roar [of a hundred] guns on the surrounding batteries, made it impossible to distinguish a friend from a foe, even a few feet from them. The attempt was abandoned as hopeless; and the Lieut. lay probably where he was left by his companion until the next morning, when he was found by the enemy, and carried into Charleston where his limb was amputated. On the 25th he was returned under a flag of truce, and carried to Hilton Head, with the expectation of being sent North with the other wounded men. While the vessel was lying in port preparing for her departure his spirit was called to rest. In consequence of the gangrene striking his limb, it commenced bleeding about 11 o'clock on the night of the 15th, and at 3 o'clock on the next morning he died, being 24 years, 6 months old. He was hopeful, and his spirit buoyant up to the last hour; and when he saw he must go, he calmly resigned himself to his fate. His last words to a comrade lying by his side, were, "Give my love to my men, and tell them I shall be with them no more. Tell my friends at home all you know of me." His *men* and *home* the ruling passions strong in death. His remains were interred at Hilton Head, under a military escort by a company of the 8th Maine Regiment. From that place his remains have been removed by a surviving brother to the home of his youth, and we are now about to lay them down in their final resting place, no more to be disturbed till the slumbering dust shall be awakened to a new life beyond the grave. Thus in the poetic words of a friend in a tribute of affection to his memory,

"Another costly sacrifice
"Is on the altar laid,
"Another portion of the price
"Of Liberty is paid!
"Another eye has lost its fire,
"Another cheek its bloom,
"Another home on Northern Hills
"Is wrapped in sorrow's gloom."

Lieut. Worcester was just the man his country wanted. Firm in his convictions of the justice of her cause; active,

and forcible as a native element of character, he was a right arm of strength in her service. It was not enough for him that he gave himself to the work; but from the hour of his enlistment he was active in encouraging others to follow his example. Nature had fitted him for a popular, and successful officer. His form was large, and commanding. He well understood the sympathies of men; his heart was generous and sympathetic; his feelings were tender and compassionate. While off duty, his manner was naturally familiar, but blended with a dignity, and self respect which always secured esteem. He had the happy talent of mingling freely, and socially with his men, and yet maintaining a complete command over them. It was a command so uncommon in the army, one of respect and love. The honors of his office never elated him, nor made him feel above those of equal intelligence, and moral worth in the ranks. He was unselfish, and self sacrificing, always more anxious for the comfort of others, than for himself. When away from duty, he was impatient to return lest his company should in some way suffer from his absence. It was a maxim with him, that the place of an officer was among his men, looking after their health, their morals, their discipline, and stimulating them with patriotic motives. He well knew how much more a healthy, moral, loyal, and hopeful soldier, was worth, than one diseased, vicious, disloyal and desponding. He therefore applied himself to this point. He endeavored to make the most of his men, by increasing their virtues. His own example, and counsel, were always sternly set against strong drink, profanity, tobacco and gambling. He knew how to urge his views without giving offence. We were, prepared therefore, to hear as we do from all quarters that he was a universal favorite. Surgeon Boynton says of him: "His excellent qualities were fast maturing into all that constitutes a truly noble, and magnanimous man. As an officer no man in the regiment has improved like him, and none was before him in promise. He was a general favorite with both officers and men; and no one whose fate it was to fall on that sad night, was more universally lamented. Lieut. Potter in a brief published obituary notice says:—

"In the discharge of every duty to his country and those under him, he was faithful and persevering; in attention to the welfare of every man of his company he was untiring;

in fidelity to every trust imposed upon him he was unswerving. No effort was too great if he could better the condition of a private or serve a friend ; no hardship stood in the way of duty. Such honesty, such fidelity, such energy, and such kindness, won for him the highest esteem and the sincerest attachment and regard of all who knew him. In the camp and on the march he was always cheerful, and his kind words gave courage to others to bear up under perils and hardships.

His character was unexceptionable ; his habits strictly temperate, his principles unwavering, Few have withstood the many tendencies to intemperance in the army ; but amid all such influences he maintained a worthy example of "total abstinence." No persuasions of his associates, no excuses of "the bad effects of climate" could induce him to swerve from his principles.

His service, short, earnest and faithful, is ended. But his noble example lives and will be felt on the field of battle so long as a remnant of his company shall survive. Though not so illustrious as some by rank he will receive the undying gratitude of his country, together with the thousands who have fallen with him in the same cause."

A like testimony comes from Col. Abbott, and Capt. Ames, and officers in other regiments of his acquaintance. One of his own men in presenting to him a small testimonial of his regard, says in a note, "You are ever ready to share our joys and sorrows ; mingling with us to cheer our pathway ; with a soul full of sympathy and love ; a brave soldier, a good commander. When, in future years, you glance at this token of respect, and recall to mind the incidents of a soldier's life, remember it is but a faint expression of my gratitude to you."*

Alas ! The loved Lieut. and his loving soldier who gave utterance to such tender expressions of affectionate regard are both gone. They both fell in the same fearful struggle. No more incidents of a soldier's life will they here recall, but will rest together where the shocks of war will no more be heard.

We cannot recount for Lieut. Worcester many acts of bravery, as we could for an old veteran in the service. He had only *one* opportunity to test his courage in battle. In this,

*A. J. Berry, of Hudson, N. H.

however he earned laurels enough to place his name among the most gallant defenders of his country. In that terrible night-assault on Fort Wagner he was among the first to fall. During the incessant rain of canister and shell which swept the plains for half a mile while our brave troops were advancing, he was among his men giving them words of cheer. Col. Abbott says the last time he saw him, he told him to see that his ranks were kept closed up. His reply was characteristic of himself, and a brave officer, "I shall try sir, to do my duty." Had there been other battles for him to fight, his country would have found him at his post.

The fall of Lieut. Worcester in this assault will forever link his name with the gallant Putnam, and Strong, and Shaw, and other noble officers whose remains still slumber on that memorable battle ground. History will weave all their names into a chaplet of glory, and hand them down to admiring, and grateful generations.

Had he been buried on the field of his glory, by the side of his endeared Colonel, his remains doubtless never would have been removed. But resting as they originally did, in a locality which had no connection with the place of his fall, parental, and fraternal affection desired to draw them nearer their own quiet retreat, where loved ones could go and weep; and where his own associates and future generations could go and do them honor. There we leave them in that great store-house which holds the remains of so many of the fallen patriots of our bleeding country. They are safely embalmed in a nation's affections. They will rest peacefully till the last battle of truth and righteousness is fought and the last victory is won, when all who have fought the good fight will rise to a glorious and ceaseless reward.

While we are thus endeavoring to pay a just tribute to the memory of Lieut. Worcester, we would not overlook other brave and worthy young men from our town who have died by disease while in their country's service. Though *he* was the first of all our number to fall in battle or from wounds there received, others have as really given their lives for our cause. We remember Hayden, and Colburn, and Fletcher and Ball, and Howe, and Wright, and Hobart, and Jewett. all of whom had our respect ; and with whose friends we have and do most deeply sympathise. We respect their memories for the many virtues they possessed, and we re-

spect them most of all that they so readily, and cheerfully became the defenders of our imperiled country. Let it be borne in mind that the honor we this day pay to the officer of their own choice, is but the *representative* honor, which we would bestow upon each and every one. The soldiers in the ranks and the officers in command are to us one and the same when of equal merit. In honoring one we would honor the other. In taking leave of the memory of our friend we desire to assure the bereaved family, and especially him whose painful duty it was to accompany these remains home, and who must deeply feel his brother's loss in the daily round of military duty, of our heartfelt sympathy. We recoil instinctively from entering into the inner sanctuary of wounded hearts. We naturally stand mute before the altar on which lie the bleeding sensibilities. But we are impelled to say to our friends, that our hearts throb with theirs. A few days since and you looked upon that noble form, that active mind, that amiable disposition, and that patriotic devotion, justly the pride of your hearts, with hope, and promise. You bid him adieu hoping he would return, with new laurels. He has returned with a new lustre given to his name. But alas! the price it has cost. Perhaps this father will say with another, "I would not exchange the memory of my *dead* son for the possession of any living one I know of." Yet there must be depths of grief in the concession.

We also extend our sympathy to those true hearted loyal men of his company both in the ranks, and in commission. They have lost one whose heart and soul was alive to all their interests. We can imagine the sorrow of that dismal night when the scattered remnant of their company came dropping into camp, and their Lieut. was among the missing. Heavy were those sighs, and bitter were those tears, when his fate was disclosed. But his associates in office and his men do not weep alone. The Lieut. sleeps with the tens of thousands of America's noblest sons who have given themselves as martyrs to this holy cause. Not solitary families, but the Nation itself are the mourners. We all follow the defenders of our country silently and sadly to the grave. Every true soldier in his fall finds a mourner in every loyal heart.

The lesson taught us by the occasion is cheerful submission to Him who is ruling all our destinies in the interests of His kingdom. The reign of righteousness is at hand. The

blood of these young martyrs is the seed out of which is to spring a new, and higher life in Christian civilization. The fall of each young hero, is one more element of influence put into the circulation of moral causes, which is to hasten the advent of universal peace. The time is coming when "swords shall be beaten into plow-shares, and spears into pruning hooks, and nations shall learn war no more." Every life sacrificed in support of constitutional law, and order, will hasten that long desired day. Shall we not then stand at our post us, with hearts true, and loyal to our country, and our God? He has made it our great mission for the hour, to put down this rebellion. It is a gigantic monster which has already devoured tens of thousands of our noblest sons. It will cost more lives, and blood which we must give without repining. If God lays our loved ones upon the altar of our country for its purification, and through it to bless the world, we will say, the Lord helping us "Thy will be done." If such a costly lustration is demanded, let the price be paid.

The lesson of the hour also is one of personal address to ourselves to "be also ready." This voice not only comes from him who lies sleeping before us, but from the empty seat of him, who in the prime of young manhood, was with us last Sabbath, but is now waiting the funeral solemnities of the morrow.* Quicker than if the ball had pierced the heart was the summons to the other world. These voices have a message to young men bidding them do at once what they purpose to do in life. Let the calls of your departed associates, my young friends, be heard. Rise at once to the true dignity of your position, as young men, and determine that though your lives may be short, they shall not be in vain.

*Daniel Dow, a most worthy young man, who was killed by coming in contact with a bridge when in the cars.

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